

The Female Warrior!

Relating how a Woman in Mans attire, got an Ensigns place; and so continued till the necessity of making use of a Midwife discover'd her.

*This valiant Amazon with courage fill'd, | Till pregnant nature did her Sex discover,
For to Display her Colours was well skill'd, | She felt a piece, and was made a Mother.*

Tune of, I am a jovial Batchelor.

With Allowance.



Come all you jovial buxome Girls
attend me here a while,
Here is a pleasant Story that
perhaps will make you smile:
'Tis of a valliant Amazon,
whose Courage was most free,
To take up Arms, and march along
out of the North Country.

The Company to London came,
to quarter there a space,
And all the while this noble Girl,
supply'd the Ensigns place:
And when that she did march along,
there's none did her suspect,
Although she lay upon the Guard,
and never did neglect.

Her mild behaviour and sweet face,
much favour did her gain,
She acted nothing that was base,
whilst she did there remain:
But for the love of a dear friend,
disguiss'd she would go:
To try her Fortune to the end,
against the daring foe.

You know what strange effects this love
in many a one hath wrought,
To dangers, and to perills great,
it often hath them brought;
But yet they valu'd not the same,
no more did this brave Lass,
Who though she was a jovial Dame,
did for an Ensign pass.

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Her colours bravely to display,
 He often had the luck,
 And was at push of pike some say,
 as good as ever struck:
 To fold her Arms, and quick the flag
 she was expert and quick,
 And never was a bungler found
 at any pretty trick.

To play a game at Cards or Dice,
 to pass the time away,
 Or any Gentle exercise,
 he never would say nay:
 But for a Bottle of the best,
 her little heart to cheer,
 She smiling, often would protest
 she loved it most dear.

When she amongst young gallants came,
 she often was afraid,
 Least in their wanton talk she should
 by blushes be betrayed;
 But custom made her at the length
 so confident and free,
 She did presume upon her strength,
 she could not daunted be.

Into the wars she was inclin'd,
 being of courage bold,
 And always bore a stately mind,
 the scorn'd to be controul'd.

When Mars and Venus conjunct were,
 'tis thought that she was born,
 which is an evidence most clear,
 that some must wear the Horn.

Thus cunningly the time she pass,
 and none did her detect,
 Until the Soldiers at the last
 began for to suspect:

And by some certain signs in short,
 they plainly did perceive
 Their Ensign metamorphos'd,
 and did them all deceive.

To make the case more evident,
 and cause it to be known,
 Her growing belly forced her
 to lay the Colours down:
 Unhappy chance it was alas,
 and loze it did her bet,
 Because that she, was found to be,
 one of the female Sex.

And now her groaning time being come,
 a Midwife was prepar'd,
 She could not march by beat of Drum,
 nor mount the Court of Guard:
 For why she did in pieces fall,
 here one part, there another,
 Did ever any know the like,
 an Ensigne made a Mother.

Thus have you heard, as I conceive,
 a Story strange and true,
 And verily I do believe,
 the like you seldom knew:
 Now all that ever can be said,
 she was a jovial Lass,
 (Had not her Belly, her betray'd)
 as ever any was.